

X

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED
To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,
and inculcate VIRTUE, in
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

VOL. XIX.

L O N D O N:

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The MOUNTAIN PIPE.

A GAME AT BACKGAMMON, taken from the twenty-first volume, instead of a piece called *Le Service Interesse*; which the translator thinks may be expung'd, as being, not only rather vulgar, but common in England: about one Farmer Chopsticks, who refus'd to lend his mare, alledging many excuses, till he found he was to profit by it. See further in the table of contents to volume twenty-one.

The REFORM'D SLOVEN.

The FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

The MILITARY ACADEMY.



T H E
MOUNTAIN PIPE.

FROM the highest summit of those hills that overlook the vale of Lucca in Savoy, an English traveller, we mean to call Fitzwilliam was contemplating the extended landscape round about him: he was quite alone, his faithful servant being ordered to a

neighbouring city, there to wait the time of his return, when some few days should once have pass'd; which interval, he meant to spend in rambling over that romantic country. More than half way down the hill, Fitzwilliam saw a hamlet, that assur'd him of a lodging for the night. Thus free from all inquietude, and swallowed up in thought, he left his mind to roam at large in contemplation, and his eye to wander from one object to another of the spacious view. But soon, the sylvan choiristers' last song admonish'd him to think of getting under cover for the night. The sun, already hid behind the mountain, did but colour with his gold and purple

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rays the clouds, that floated, as it were, just close above the trees upon it. He descended, slowly, mortified to see the spacious horizon, whose limits he could hardly trace, contract itself as he proceeded. The crepusculum, or twilight, now began to veil it with a shade that, every step he took, grew browner; till the Empress of the night dispel'd this gloomy darkness, with her light, more placid, tho' less glorious than the sun's, that had so lately sunk from sight. Fitzwilliam sat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted, or broke off his view, throughout the vast expanse. He contemplated on the infinite extent at leisure. From

The MOUNTAIN PIPE.

the trembling moon and stars, that twinkled while he gaz'd upon them, he pass'd over to the calm and spotless azure of the firmament. The air was fresh, nor did the slightest breeze disturb it. Nature was absorb'd in universal silence, saving the low murmur of a stream, meandering thro' the country at a distance. Stretch'd upon the grats, he might perhaps have contemplated till the rising of the sun, next morning: but the music of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, soon after struck upon his ear. He thought at first, his ravish'd senses were deluded by the power of his imagination, and experienc'd the delight of fancying he was suddenly

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transported in a dream, to what are call'd the regions of enchantment. In the midst of this illusion, while both musics still continu'd, getting on his feet: A lute, said he, upon the mountain; he turn'd round on that side whence the melody proceeded, and discover'd thro' the darksome verdure of the trees, no great way distant, the white walls and garden paling of a cottage. He approach'd it, with a beating heart, but what was his surprise! when he beheld a youthful peasant, with a lute, which he was playing on, with exquisite address. A woman, seated on his right, kept looking at him with an eye of infinite affection. At their feet, upon the

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turf, were many children, boys and girls ; and ancient people, all in attitudes of pleasure and attention. When Fitzwilliam first made his appearance, several of the children came to meet him, look'd at one another, and then said among themselves, what gentleman is this ? The young musician turn'd his head, but did not leave off playing. I, that is to say Fitzwilliam ; for the author hencesorth, for more perspicuity, must be suppos'd as speaking in the person of Fitzwilliam, could not possibly with stand the first emotions of my heart. I held him out my hand ; he gave me his, which I laid hold of, with a sort of transport. Every body upon this, got up and made a circle round us. I inform'd

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them, as concisely as I could do, of my business in that quarter of the country, and at such a time of night. We have not many miles about, an inn, remark'd the youthful peasant, as our cottage is not near the road ; but if you are content to put up with a cottage and poor people, we will do our best to entertain you.

If, - at first, I was astonish'd at his execution on the lute, and taste in singing, I was still much more surpris'd at the politeness of his manners, the precision of his language, and the ease with which he spoke. You were not born, I told him, in a cottage ? Pardon me, replied he with a smile, I was, and even in this. But you're fatigu'd, I fancy. Didier, bring a

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chair. Excuse me, sir: I owe my neighbours this nocturnal entertainment I'm now giving them.

I would not take the chair, but laid myself upon the grass, as all the rest did. Every body had, by this, re-sum'd his former posture; and the silence I had interrupted, by appearing as I did among them, now took place again.

The youth immediately began to play upon his lute; and in the intervals of playing, sung a favorite ballad, which he did with so much sweetness, that a tear, as I could see, stood trembling in the eye of every one about him, by the time he had repeated the first couplet. I could not refrain from envying the surprizing genius of the rus-

The MOUNTAIN PIPE, 11.

tic bard, whoever he might be, that could impress so powerfully an unletter'd, and almost unciviliz'd society of people. I was charm'd in seeing how surprisingly those beauties that are drawn from nature, please the souls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were lost; and at the last, which was the most affecting, I heard notwithstanding round about me, nothing but half sighs, and badly stifled soggings.

After some few minutes' silence, the whole company got up, each wiping, I could see, his eyes. They wish'd each other a good night, with perfect cordiality. The neighbours, with their children, went away, and none were left, except an ancient man upon

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a seat beside the door, and whom till now I had not notice'd ; the musician, with the woman sitting by him ; Didier, the young boy whose name I recollect'd, and myself.

'Twas painful for me to give up the charming state in which at that time I was plung'd. I still continu'd sitting, but got up at last, and drawing near the young musician, put my arms out, as it were by instinct, to embrace him. Sweet it is, said I, to meet with people, who surprize us at the first flight glance, and finish by attracting our esteem, before a quarter of an hour is pass'd. He answer'd me no other way than by an ardent grasp, while I was speaking, of my hand. Dear sir, began the old man upon this, you

are content I fancy, with our evening's entertainment ? I am glad, you have conceiv'd so suddenly a friendship for my dear Auvergne, for which you shall repose you in my bed. No, father, interrupted Didier, who came running from the barn, I have been littering me some straw ; and 'tis *my* bed the gentleman shall lie in, if he pleases. I was forc'd to promise I would yield to this last offer. Didier, upon this, held out his hand ; the old man rested on his shoulder, and went in, when he had wish'd me a good night : and now, I found myself alone with Auvergne, and the young woman, who, he told me, was his spouse. I ask'd them, if, for my sake, they would not pass fifteen minutes more,

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in conversation with me, as 'twas moon-light, where they then were? Willingly, said Genevieve, to such a question, who was not a little vain of the attention I had paid her husband. Yes, quite willingly replied Auvergne, who saw how much his wife desir'd it.

I sat down between them, with a Linden tree behind me; thro' whose foliage, the moon darted all her brightness.

My dear friends, said I, and took the woman by the hand, pray let me know how long you have enjoy'd your present happiness? These six months, answered she; and now 'tis upwards of a twelvemonth that Auvergne is happily return'd among us from his

travels. You have travell'd then? said I, with some surprise excited by this intimation. Yes, Sir, answered upon this Auvergne: I've visted a part of Europe.—Every thing I see about you, interupted I, and every thing I hear you say, excites a deal of wonder in me! If you have no secret motive for concealing the transactiōns of your life, do not refuse me, I beseech you, when I beg to know them. Certainly you will not, answer'd Genevieve, with that simplicity, which conscious of no evil meaning, never hunts for phrases or set forms of speech. This gentleman appears so worthy of the favour he has asked you! And besides, you know, I al-

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ways hear the story with a deal of pleasure.

He consented with a smile, to our request; and 'tis *his* words I am at present going to set down, as far as my remembrance has preserv'd the narrative.

As I have mention'd, I was born, Sir, in this cottage, towards the end of Sixty-three; at present, being three and twenty years of age. I had the grief to lose my mother, when an infant, hardly being wean'd. My father was in easy tho' not in affluent circumstances, but a law-suit he was forc'd into, by one who is no more at present, but was then a very wealthy farmer, ruined him entirely; and he died

Vo

died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and beheld it sold for the advantage of the lawyers. The old man you saw just now, who is become my father, bought and came to settle in it. He was struck with pity, seeing me an orphan at my early time of life, and, tho' so little, told me I should be his shepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children look'd upon me as their brother. Notwithstanding which, the loss of my poor father, the unkindness of my other kindred who forsook me, with the thought of being nothing but a stranger in the cottage where I first had my existence, and the lonely life I led upon the moun-

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tain, whither I was sent to watch my father's cattle, all at once afflicted me, and my accustom'd gaiety was chang'd to melancholy. I consum'd whole days in weeping, while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain.

(Here Genevieve withdrew her hand, which I had got in mine, to wipe away a falling tear, and then return'd it me.)

One evening, I was sitting on the summit of the mountain, and amusing my afflicted thoughts by singing, to myself, the very ballad you have just now heard. Tow'rds the conclusion, I observ'd a man among the trees. I notic'd he was dress'd in brown : His countenance was very pale ; he seem'd quite melancholy, and he waited till

my song was finish'd. Thereupon, he came close to me, and enquir'd how far he might be from the public road? O very far, dear sir, said I: above five miles. Can you conduct me thither? I would do so gladly, might I quit my flock.—'Tis possible your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?—Ah, sir! my parents are a great way off.—Wheré then?—They liv'd like honest people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone, as he inform'd me after, of my voice, affected this good man, and my reply, he said, could not but interest him. He put several questions to me, and my answers pleas'd him.

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Night, by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage ; and my master hospitably entertain'd him. On the morrow, they had some discourse together, with regard to me, and when I was prepar'd to re-assume my daily charge, they told me Didier would in future take it, as the stranger meant to have me with him. 'Twould be useleſs, I should tell you what was my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though not mine, and parting from my Genevieve, whom even then I lov'd, though she was quite a child. My situation was not any way a happy one ; and yet, I could not quit it without shedding tears. I could not possibly forefee, my future destination was to be do-

cided by the present moment. Yes, to thee, beneficent protector of my youth, I am a debtor for my present happiness ! thou knowest, generous man, how ardently I pray'd to God for thy prosperity while thou wert living, and with what exhaustless gratitude I bless even still thy ashes ! He was call'd *LaRue*, and had the place of organist in no great parish. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities if you adverted to the nature and obscurity of his employment. Many travellers turn'd out of their road to hear his music ; but their praises only made him the more modest. I much doubt, if in the course of your acquaintance, you have ever met with such a ge-

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nius. He receiv'd from the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very great physician, such an education as would certainly have made *him* eminent as a physician likewise ; but he rather chose to yield himself entirely to the ardent passion he had long before conceiv'd for music. He had married to the daughter of the organist, whom he succeeded, but was childless. His dear wife, whom he had lost for several years, still liv'd within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now the sole society he had in that deep melancholy which had seiz'd upon his mind ; but still, while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the other hand, he did much good in secret. He was forty

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years of age, when I came to him. He instructed me at first to read and write, and afterwards took pleasure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite instrument. He did not stop at musical instruction ; he provided me selections from the greatest poet's works. He form'd at once my heart, my understanding, and my taste. 'Twas thus he acted, for five years, the part of an assiduous master, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from him, who best knows how to recompense the services we do our fellow-creatures.

In the midst of all these occupa-

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tions, I had never banish'd from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Genevieve, the partner of my childish pastimes. I was often speaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day—I never shall forget it; 'twas the first of June, four years ago—he rose betimes, and going, as his custom was, to take a morning's airing, bade me follow him. We talk'd of many matters while we went along, as chance presented subjects for our conversation; till at last he brought me to the very mountain where at first I saw him. Dear Auvergne, said he, I have fulfill'd the duty Providence I thought impos'd upon me, the first time I saw you. I am sensible how much you

sigh, when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you ; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at last to put you in a way of getting once again possession of it. I now show it you ; look at it : but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my displeasure, your returning thither, till such time as you have wherewithal to purchase it. I give you my own lute. I have instructed you to play upon it. Travel. You are not without a charming voice. Wherever people hear it, you will be the first of artists in your way, and need not be averse to take the name of an itinerant musician. Such a novelty will never fail to get you auditors and money ; only be discreet

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and frugal ; and when rich enough, return into your country, and buy out your father's cottage.

My heart beat high at this discourse, and grew enlarg'd with hope and joy. He held me to his bosom, shedding tears. They were the first I ever yet had seen fall from him, and they made a singular impression on me. After this, we thought of coming back, and he conducted me in silence to his house.

Upon the morrow, at the break of day, I was to leave my benefactor : he bestowed, at parting, the instruction he imagined I most needed, with two louis-d'ors. In four year's time I footed it through Italy, all France, and Ger-

many, equipped like what I was, a peasant of the mountains, with my hair as you may see at present, floating in large curls upon my shoulders. I took notice that the singularity of such a dress increas'd the effect proceeding from my music; and particularly in the capitals of every country I passed thro'. Few noblemen, I fancy, ever travell'd more delightfully than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling sort of people, but the most polite. The quality in cities made up concerts, for no other purpose than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe they married for the mirth of dancing to the music of my instrument. In many

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places, I had advantageous offers made me to take up my residence among them. They seduc'd me sometimes, I acknowledge, for an instant; but as soon as I again reflected on my cottage, every thought of fortune vanish'd; nor of all my projects, left one trace remaining. I remember still what sweet sensations seized me every time, while travelling, I went over any mountain, or even came in sight thereof. I sought this hamlet on it, and imagin'd for a moment, I could see my cottage. With my mind continually full of such an image, I endeavour'd to express my notions, and these couplets were my composition.

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Sweet little cottage of my fire,
Where when a child I play'd ;
In foreign realms, my whole desire
Pants to enjoy thy shade.

Each object lives within my mind,
That there the eye runs o'er ;
The hamlet and the hill behind,
The linden tree before.

Astonish'd at men's pomp and pride,
Vast mansions oft I see ;
But only can be satisfied,
Sweet rural cot, with thee.

Whence then would spring that bles'd
content,
In name alone even sweet,

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I should enjoy, had Heaven but meant
To keep me that soft seat ?

I should indeed live happy there,
Nor thro' the world thus roam ;
And Genevieve the bliss would share
Of my paternal home.

Sweet breathe my pipe then, since the
strain
Pleas'd daily I renew ;
For if my double wish I gain,
To music's power 'tis due.

Auvergne went thro' these couplets
with such sweetness and expression,
that the fabulous ideas of Apollo
waken'd in me ; and methought I

ean heard that exil'd deity on earth, and in the vales of Thessaly, complaining he had lost Olympus. I desir'd to speak, I wanted to cry out; but found my tongue was without motion. Auvergne could not but conceive the meaning of my silence, and went on as follows:

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again into possession of this precious cottage,

Towards December last, when I had taken up my dwelling for a season at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy, in which Turin is situated, to the other, I examined what my fortune came to, and conceived myself then rich enough to pay a visit to my native mountain,

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I immediately set out, and after several forc'd journeys, came in ten days' time as far as to the city where my benefactor had resided. With what anxious expectation did I not that moment enter it! and as I went along, ask every one I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But, alas! I was not to enjoy the pleasure of expressing what I ow'd him; or behold him, happy in the consequences of his friendship shown me. He had two months since been dead. I went to pour my tears out on his tomb, and made a vow to Heaven that I would call my first child by his name, if I should ever be so happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day, I gain'd

this

this hamlet. Every one, I found, spoke favourably of me, without knowing who I was at first. My lute and the remembrance of our friendship, soon obtain'd me Genevieve's affection. I received her from her father. I bought back with his consent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which his eldest son procured a farm below us, in the village, and has now been sometime settled in it. With respect to him, he acquiesc'd to pass the remnant of his days with Didier, in our cottage. 'Tis from him I learn the of husbandry; for now that once more in possession of patrimony, the amount of

tion is to be, as was my father, a good husband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peasant. I have not, as you may see, forgot my lute, the precious instrument that made my fortune; but still keep it at my side, and often put it to my lips, for my own recreation, or to please my family and neighbours.

He stopp'd short at this; but still, I thought I heard him speaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turn'd insensibly upon his person, after he had finished. His ingenuous animated countenance, the contrast of his dress and conversation, his attachment to a rustic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cherish'd the remembrance of his be-

The MOUNTAIN PIPE. 35

nefector; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profession, every thing, I thought, exhibited the youth, in some sort, as a being of enchantment, and superior to the ordinary race of men. 'Twas Genevieve first rous'd me from my contemplation, by her motion, in the act of leaning forward to embrace him: I embraced them both, and was embraced too by them. We got up, and went into the cottage, where, to my astonishment, I saw an air of order and propriety about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repast upon such fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, Didier led me to a niche in one of the apartments: it was rather narrow,

but the bed, that fill'd it, was both clean and wholesome. Of this bed, the little fellow told me, he dispos'd with pleasure in my favour. 'Twas not long before I fell into a downy slumber, and my sleeping thoughts were occupied upon the charming objects I had recently been witness to. I did not, all the following day, once quit this happy family, when they were either unemploy'd or occupied.

Auvergne related to me many entertaining matters, that occur'd to him in travelling, and explain'd how he acquir'd that easiness of manners and politeness of expression, that at first had charm'd me; and which afterwards, as I discover'd, notwithstanding his great youth, conciliated

the respect and love of every aged individual thro' the hamlet. The acuteness of his understanding, the un-study'd openness of Gencvieve; the old man's blunt good sense, the restless curiosity of Didier, made their conversation interesting, and diffus'd an undescribable variety through every part thereof, that charm'd me and connected them much closer to each other. I was sure I could have pass'd my life away, quite happy, with them. But why, said I to myself, why brood on such a contemplation? 'Twas that very night I was to leave them. I confess, I felt a pang of sadness, to reflect upon our separation; and imagin'd, by their looks, it would occa-

sion them some sorrow likewise. If my fortune should in future let me, with more liberty, dispose of the remainder of my life, I then intended, and do still, to make a yearly visit to this mountain, for the purpose of revisiting my friends, and filling my whole heart with those sensations of contentedness and peace, which their society and habitation cannot but inspire.

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A

GAME AT BACKGAMMON.

A Certain Mr. Harper had been buying, for his children, George and Lucy, what they call a draft-board ; and backgammon table at the back, with thirty men, two red Morocco boxes, and a pair of dice.

The children did not know, as yet, both games ; they were a little skill'd

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in drafts ; but then backgammon was all Greek or Hebrew to them ; so they begg'd their dear papa to give them some instruction in it. Mr. Harper, who was always ready to make one in their diversions, undertook the task with pleasure ; and by turns, sat down with both, while he that was not in the game, look'd on to get improvement.

I shall not detain you with describing how they reckon'd up the pips upon the dies, when they had thrown them, by the assistance of their fingers ; or the blunders they were every minute making. I chuse rather to inform you, that in little better than a month, they understood back-

gammon tolerably well; and could sit down and play with one another. Lucy bent her study to secure the hit; but George, much more ambitious, would be satisfied with nothing but the gammon.

Their Papa, one day, stood by, while they were playing.—After some bad throws, George lost all temper, and his moves of course were very injudicious; but his sister, who was calm and steady, carried every thing before her.

George, like other players, while he shook the dice-box, did not fail to name the points he wanted, either to fill up his table, or defeat his adversary. *Cinq* and *quatre*, was his exclamation! *Size* and *trey*! but no:

they would not come ; and it was always deuce and ace, or double treys, or something to the full as bad, that turn'd up in their stead. He stamped upon the ground, or when he threw the dice, was so outrageous, as to fling the dice-box after, crying out, Was ever any thing so cross-grain'd and unlucky ? one would think the matter were contriv'd to spite me !

Lucy, on the other hand, when she in throwing, call'd for such a number as she wanted, and was disappointed far from giving way to useleſs lamentation, thought within herself what move would be the most judicious after her bad throw ; and frequently her father was surpris'd, to see how she would make amends for want

luck, and in an instant, as it were, recover, when he thought her on the point of being worsted.

And whenever victory declared for her with all the honours of a triumph, she would constantly and modestly avoid the glory of her conquest; while poor George, ashame'd of being beaten, durst not lift his eyes up. Upon one of these occasions, when his father had been standing by, and noticed his bad playing, he address'd him to the following purport: George, you've rich'y merited to lose this game.

GEORGE.

And not this only, but the others, I acknowledge, for my fault in playing

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with a person that is constantly so lucky.

Mr. HARPER.

It would seem, to hear you talk, that luck is every thing, at such a game as this then ?

GEORGE.

No, Papa ; but when one has such throws as—

Mr. HARPER.

It was scarcely possible your throws should benefit you, when you play'd your men so injudiciously, and Lucy with so much attention : but you talk of having had such throws, and there your fault lies ; for you paid attention to your sister's dies, instead of noticing her men, that you might learn to move as she did. What

would be your notions of a gardener, who, without consulting the variety of seasons, should conduct himself by chance in his plantation, and complain that in the end, his fruit was not so good or plenteous, as his neighbour's, who had been attentive to all circumstances, in the prosecution of his labour ?

GEORGE.

O Papa, that's very different.

Mr. HARPER.

And in what, pray ? let me know.

GEORGE.

I can't well answer you in that. I think it so, however.

Mr. HARPER.

I'm ashain'd, on your account, to see you have recourse to such poor shifts

as little minds employ, when they resolve before-hand to support their cause; for tell me, have you really discern'd in the comparison I instanc'd any thing that hinders it from having a relation to the subject we are on?

GEORGE.

To say the truth then, no. I did not once think of it. I was only anxious to avoid the appearances of being worsted in the argument. I thought you would have enter'd into

Mr. HARPER.

You may see then, what you gain by such evasions. You were only to be blam'd for wanting judgment; and you added instantly thereto a want of justice, which is more condemnable. By using such a piteous subterfuge

they w^{ll} against a thoughtful adversary, do you t think he will become its dupe, and really yield you up the conquest? Never. He will see the folly of it first, and afterwards the meanness. You will on? find you might have been entitled to his pity, but will meet with his contempt; and not *his* only, but your as only own.

GEORGE.

I hope, Papa, I have not made you angry, that you speak so to me?

Mr. HARPER.

You are sensible, I never spare reproof, when I see any thing that leads, however round about, to meanness or injustice. Such a lesson you will get from no one but your father; and I give it you from motives of affection,

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that another may not have occasion to bestow it on you from moroseness. The confession you first made me, of not having once consider'd what you spoke of, and which only could proceed from an ingenuous turn of mind, persuades me you will never want another lesson of the kind.—Embrace me, my dear fellow.

GEORGE.

O, with all my heart! I know Papa, you save me many mortifying minutes.

MR. HARPER.

I can hit upon no other way of doing so, than this of giving you instruction; but at present, let us come to the comparison I instanc'd; and

hop

hope we shall be no less able to derive improvement from it, than illustrate what before-hand we were speaking of.

GEORGE.

Let's see, let's see, Papa: I promise I won't seek to contradict you: but, provided I observe it vary in the least from what you meant it should explain, you give me leave in that case?

MR. HARPER.

I desire no gentler treatment. I shall be rejoic'd to have you give me juster notions; for believe me, when I tell you, that a rational self-love finds satisfaction, even in confessing it's mistakes. Self-love, if rational, has always an unfeign'd respect for

truth, a veneration for reciprocal or mutual justice; and that reason, which can spring thus nobly from its fall, is in the way of never stumbling.

GEORGE.

Ah Papa! I see, I must this long while keep, as you have call'd it, a tight rein on mine.

Mr. HARPER.

You must, but loosen *that* at least of your imagination, so that you may follow while I show the way. I told you, that a player at backgammon should pursue the conduct of a skilful gardener in his garden. If the one endeavours to procure his tree a handsome looking trunk, and make such disposition of the branches, as may get him the most fruit, the other is employ'd in

bringing up his men in such a manner, that whatever points he throws, he may be able to fill up his tables, more or less. Those points depend no more upon the one, than the variety of seasons on the other; but what equally depends on both, is this: that they should be upon their guard, in consequence of these uncertainties, and not expose the object they are labouring for, without precaution on their part. The order of a game has many favourable and unfavourable turns, as has the order of the seasons many beneficial and malignant influences. Now the lucky chances, may say, have a resemblance to those kindly heats that introduce fer-

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ility; and the unlucky to those nipping winds in summer, that are obstacles to vegetation. The great point is to foresee these changes. He that plays, is with discretion to run some few risques, when nothing from his adversary need be feared, but stand upon his guard whenever he's in force; and he that plants is to expose his tree, that it may have the beneficial influence of the sun, when all the elements are mix'd in kindly union; but defend it, when the weather happens to grow stormy.

GEORGE.

Very well, Papa; things hitherto square marvelously well: but at backgammon, a good player, you are sensible, not only profits by his own dex-

terity, but is the better for his adversary's want of judgement, and the faults he makes ; whereas, the gardener, if he plays a game, must play it by himself in your comparison.

Mr. HARPER.

True, George ; but you must not expect that a comparison will take in every object and relation : mine is limited to those I've spoke of.

GEORGE.

Do you think so ? well then, I'll proceed a little further with it, if you please, Papa. I look on all the gardeners of the village, as if playing with each other, to determine which shall bring the best and greatest quantity of fruit to market. He that plays most skilfully, will do so ; and of

course, dispose of it at higher prices, if the rest, through ignorance and inattention, shall have less or worse to sell; and consequently he will win the game.

Mr. HARPER.

Well argued George! You see, I hope now, what advantages one may derive from entering into rational debate, where neither party seeks to lay a snare to catch the other, and to satisfy his miserable vanity, but where both wish to give reciprocal instruction, by an interchange of what they know respectively. I only saw one face belonging to the object I exhibited to your consideration. By exciting your attention tow'rds it, I have furnish'd you with the occasion of discovering one

that had escap'd me, and which very likely may enable me, in my turn, to discern some other, it may still possess. Men have obtain'd no sort of knowledge otherwise than by assembling and comparing those ideas, meditation has supply'd them with, in cultivating any branch of science. I compare them to as many lamps, that should be plac'd to burn before reverberators of a thousand different surfaces, but every one reflecting to a common center. 'Tis the bundle of these rays, some far more brilliant than the rest indeed, but strengthen'd, all by one another, that makes up that glare of light collect'd in the focus of their union. I shall really be glad, if you enure yourself betimes,

George, to consider all the objects you would judge of, by comparing them with others that already are familiar to your understanding ; by contrasting them with one another, and remarking, in this contrast, every circumstance by which they may resemble, or be foreign to each other. This same method is most natural and sure. It is a method, *they* have follow'd, who by exercising their imagination, have attain'd to the sublimity and pathos of a Homer, a Voltaire, a Milton ; who, by studying the affections of the human heart, have made themselves a Sophocles, a Moliere, or a Shakespeare ; who by rising to the origin of our ideas, have become a Condillac, or Locke ; who by investigating

nature, have acquir'd the praises of an Aristotle, a Buffon, an Edwards; who, by meditating on the title to give law, and form societies, have been a Montesquieu, a Mably, a Rousseau, a Blackstone; and in short, who by pervading the mysterious order of the planetary system, have transmitted us, together with the benefit of their researches, the illustrious names of a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Bernouilli, and a Franklin; but particularly, of Newton: men all famous in the different sciences their genius led to, and whose names I intimate thus early to you, that in time you may be animated with a wish of studying the immortal labours they have left behind them.

THE

REFORM'D SLOVEN.

EUDOCIUS pass'd, and very justly, for an admirable boy. He was extremely gentle, always ready to oblige his little friends, and never once displeas'd his parents or instructors.

He had one great fault, however. He would lose his books, with other matters, and pay no attention to his cloaths, which were, in common

very dirty. In one word, he was a
sloven.

He had often been admonish'd of, and punish'd for, his negligence. This punishment and admonition griev'd him on his own account; and as he knew his friends were sorry to proceed thus harshly with him, he had many times resolv'd upon amendment; but the habit was so strong, that notwithstanding every resolution, he had always the same slevenly appearance.

His papa, some time ago, had promis'd him, and also his three brothers, on the first fine day, to take them out upon the water. Such a day as he could wish, now came: there hardly was a cap of wind, and he remark'd the water very smooth. He these-

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fore-call'd the children, told them his design ; and as he liv'd quite close beside the river, went himself into the garden, and pick'd out the neatest boat then plying.

How rejoic'd the little gentlemen appear'd ! and how alert to make their preparation for a day of pleasure, they had been so long expecting !

They were now all ready to set out, when Mr. Weston came to take them. They jump'd round about him, in the transport of their joy ; and Mr. Weston, on his side, was very happy to remark their joy : but what was not his wonder, when he saw Eudocius, to observe the unseemliness of his apparel.

The REFORM'D SLOVEN. 61

Of his stockings, one was, as they say, about his heels ; the other negligently gather'd, if at all, in some sort made his leg look like a twisted column. Two great holes were in his breeches' knees ; his waistcoat was from top to bottom stain'd with grease or ink ; and there was wanting half a collar to his coat.

The father saw with sorrow 'twas impossible to take him in so slovenly a state ; as every one they met, with reason would have thought the father of a child so out of sorts, as the expression is to mark a person careless of his dress, must be as negligent himself, to suffer such a fault. And seeing Mr. Weston was a man of merit, and esteem'd by those that

62 *The REFORM'D SLOVEN.*

knew him, he was far from wishing such addition to his character.

Eudocius had another coat ; but that unhappily was at the taylor's, who had got it to repair, upon no mean occasion, as it wanted one whole skirt, which had been torn. The scowerer was to have it afterwards, and work a day, at least, in getting out the dirt and spots.

What therefore happen'd, my dear little friends ? There is not one of you but easily may guess.

His brothers who had proper cloaths to dress in, and whose general appearance did their father credit, got into the boat. The body of the vehicle was painted blue, as were the oars. The gunnel and the edges

of the oars were of a deep vermillion. In the boat, there was a linen awning, that is roof, supported at the corners, to preserve the company beneath it from the sun: the watermen had nice white linen shirts on; three musicians had their station in the stern; they were provided with hautboy, pipe and tabour, and began to play a march in concert; when the watermen first dipp'd their oars into the water: upon which, a crowd, assembled at the stairs, replied thereunto with joyous shoutings.

Poor Eudocius, who had pleas'd himself a long time with the thoughts such an airing, was oblig'd to stay home. 'Tis true, he had the pleasure from a window of observing his

64 *The REFORM'D SLOVEN.*

papa and brothers get into the boat, and following it as far upon the river as his eye would let him, while a gentle breeze swelled out the sails, and made it seem to skim along upon the surface of the water: and 'tis true, his brothers, after their return, related all the pleasures they had tasted in their day's excursion; and of which the recollection made them still jump up and down for joy.

Another day, as he was playing in a meadow, with a little friend of his, he chanced to lose a buckle; but instead of seeking diligently for it, begged his comrade for a little while to lend him his; because, in walking to and fro, the straps, which now and then became

strode on, had already more than once been like to trip him up.

His little friend consented ; and Eudocius, being quite intent on something, and extremely anxious to renew his motion, fastened it so negligently, that in less than twenty minutes' time, he lost that also.

They were both exceedingly embarrassed when the time was come for their returning home. Night overtook them, and the grafts was grown so, that a lamb might easily have hid himself entirely in it. How, then, could they find, at dusk, a thing so little ? They came home both, clumpetty clump, each leaning on the other, and quite sad ; particularly to Eudocius,

who possessing real sensibility, was grieved in having thus expos'd his bosom friend and playmate to the anger of his parents.

On the morrow, he appeared before the family, when they were got together, with a single buckle for two shoes ; sad sight for Mr. Weston ! who perceived by that how much his exhortations still were thrown away.

As oft as Monday came about, he was accustomed to supply Eudocius and his brothers with a regular allowance, that they might not be without the means of satisfying what are usually the wants of children, but particularly any impulse to be generous which they might feel within them. This allowance he was used, I should

have rather said, to pay, not to Eudocius, but his brothers, who had constantly the pleasure of receiving it; while he, poor fellow, hardly ever got it, on account of stoppages for buttons, handkerchiefs, and other things he lost, which Mr. Weston look'd on as the only likely way to make him more attentive to his little matters.

But a silver buckle is of no mean value: nor was this the whole. He had to pay for his companion's likewise. How was he to do it? his allowance would not have enabled him in three months' time to clear this debt.

His father luckily had taught him, even in his earliest infancy, to use a

pen ; and, to employ the common phrase, he wrote already an exceedingly fine hand.

This, therefore, was the only occupation he could earn a little money by ; and, to his praise I must acknowledge, he consented with a deal of willingness to an arrangement made on this occasion.

His companion's father was an eminent attorney, and employed above a dozen clerks to copy papers for him. Mr. Weston, therefore, offered him Eudocius' services in this way, 'till such time as he had earn'd enough to pay him for the buckle ; and requested the attorney would consent to such a way of settling matters, as 'twas very

probable Eudocius might be greatly benefited by it.

The attorney freely acquiesced, and down Eudocius sat to work, in copying law proceedings, which at best were very tedious, and in general scrawled over so, that he could hardly read them, whilst his brothers went a walking in the fields, or entertained themselves by playing with each other in the garden.

O, how much he sighed by reason of his inattention ! sensible as now he grew, what pleasure he was losing.

He had time for making many satirical comments on his conduct ; and resolving, for the time to come, upon a change. In short, he kept his re-

70 *The REFORM'D SLOVEN.*

relation ; so that were I now to point him out, dear little friends, to any of you—when you noticed the propriety about his person, and the neatness of his general appearance, you would find it difficult to think he could be the same little boy whose history I have just now written, to procure you every one the joy of going out with your papa, the first fine day, in boats upon the water.



T H E

FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

EMILY and FLAVILLA.

EMILY.

GOOD morrow, dear Flavilla; I consider it extremely kind that you are come to see me.

FLAVILLA.

My mama has just now given me leave to pass the evening with you.

EMILY.

Has she? I'm quite glad. 'Tis such fine weather! It appears to me as if our friends were much more welcome, when all nature smiles about us.

FLAVILLA.

So I think too. Here's my hand: shake, shake. How sweetly we shall pass the time in talking with each other!

EMILY.

Yes; and running after one another! Shall we fix upon the grove for our diversions!

FLAVILLA.

O, with all my heart! A special thought! as we may not be interrupted there.

THAT NEVER FADES. 73

EMILY.

I shall request you only to permit my sitting down a little, so that I may give about a dozen stitches to this apron I have brought here with me.

FLAVILLA.

Do: and more than that, I'll help you.

EMILY.

Not for all the world, Flavilla; tho' I thank you: but the truth is, that I would not have a single stitch in what I am now making, but my own.

FLAVILLA.

I judge, then, you design to make a present of it?

EMILY.

Right.

FLAVILLA.

And are you in a hurry to complete it?

EMILY.

See, Flavilla ; 'tis an apron. Well, I would not for a deal, but that it should be finish'd by the 13th, which is Miss Le Févre's birth-day.

FLAVILLA.

Miss Le Févre, say you ? I don't recollect, at present, any one with such a name, among our common friends.

EMILY.

The reason is, she's mine particular ; one who is so good to me, she seems to have no opportunity, or rather time, for being good to others. O, an excellent and tender friend !

THAT NEVER FADES. 75

whom I am indebted very possibly for all my happiness.

FLAVILLA.

And how so, pray, dear Emily ? I long to know her.

EMILY.

Well, what think you of my governess ?

FLAVILLA.

Oh, she ! you know you call her generally Mad'moiselle.

EMILY.

Yes, Mad'moiselle, or Miss Le Févre. Now, pray have you not noticed—I don't mean when I came from France, but nearly ten months since, a wond'rous change in my behaviour ?

To confess the truth, I have ; and think you hardly the same person you were formerly. What is it can have caus'd so great an alteration ? Till you quitted England, aye, and since you came from France, I must acknowledge, you were proud and haifish. You offended every body without scruple, and the least familiarity from others was consider'd as an insult by you ; but at present, your behaviour is engaging. You have that complacency and affability which cannot but win people's hearts. I freely tell you, I myself, even love you ten times more at present than I did. You took such airs upon you as disgusted me. I was a hundred times

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dispos'd to break off all connection with you ; whereas now, I find a real pleasure in your company and conversation. And what pleases me still more than all is, that you seem yourself, much happier, than before.

EMILY.

And so I am, dear friend. I was an object to be pitied, at the time you speak of. I occasioned all our family, and every one that wished me well, a deal of trouble. Miss Le Févre, in particular, was grieved to think of my behaviour, as she loved me tenderly ; and yet, while I was grieving her, I knew she faithfully fulfilled the promise made my dear mama, upon her dying-bed, of loving me with all the affection of a mother.

Every body must confess you could not possibly have fallen into better hands; and the advantage of your trip to France would have been really considerable, had it only been the means of introducing such a person to you. I am told, there are few families but what would wish to have her for their children.

EMILY.

You are yet to know, how much I owe her; therefore I design to tell you. 'Tis the story of a morning, that will live for ever in my recollection: 'twas the morning of the 13th of last June, and as I knew before, her birth-day. We had been in England after our return,

about four months. I was awake betimes. She must be still asleep, said I; for then we did not ly together, no not even in the same apartment. I'll surprise her, if I can, before she rises; so I dress'd myself as nicely as I could, then took the basket that a charming little lady, you know who, (*she squeezes Flavilla by the hand*) had given me as a present, and ran down into the garden to get flowers, that I might scatter them on Miss Le Févre's bed, as is the custom upon birth-days, in her country. I stole secretly along the hedge, and unperceiv'd by any one, had gather'd three fresh roses. I now look'd about for honeysuckle, jessamin, and myrtle: I bethought myself they grew below the arbour, at

the bottom of the garden. I was running thither; but when going by the arbour, I saw Miss Le Févre on her knees within it, and both hands before her face; I turn'd to shun her, but 'twas all in vain; she heard my steps, on which she rais'd her head, perceiv'd me, and call'd out that I should come that moment to her.

She had not as yet had time enough to wipe her eyes: I saw she had been crying; but her tears were not like those I had so often seen her shed at the recital of some just or generous action. Noting her reception of me, which was friendly and affectionate, I could not but observe she had a countenance of sorrow,

With
V

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With one hand, she instantly took hold of mine, and pass'd the other round my middle. We walk'd up and down the terrace, twice, in this position, and were silent; for, as Mademoiselle forbore to say a word, I durst not move my lips, so much was I affected by it!

But at length, she press'd me still more closely to her bosom, and beholding me with tenderness, and likewise glancing at my basket with the roses in it, I observe, said she, dear Emily, you've lost no time to think upon my birth-day. This affectionate attention you evince, would make me certainly forget the melancholy thoughts within me upon your account, but that

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your happiness occasioned them. Yes, dearest Emily, attribute only to my friendship what I'm now about to mention. I am anxious to discharge my bosom of it's load, that I may welcome afterward those more delightful thoughts I owe you ; for the present, I observe, you were preparing for me.

I was dumb, and in a tremble, while she thus address'd me : 'twas as if my conscience had address'd me by her lips.

You, Emily, continu'd she, that have received from nature such a disposition, and have had that disposition so well cultivated by the example and instructions of your good mama, will you pervert it by a fault that,

itself alone, must put out every virtue. I'll not mention it by name ; and now particularly, after what I have already told you. It might make you very likely look with too much horror on yourself ; and I have no desire to mortify my lovely child. It is sufficient that your heart acknowledges this fault : and I persuade myself, I know you well enough to be assur'd your utmost efforts will, in future, be excited to destroy it.

Let us not go too far back ; but only think of your behaviour yesterday.

Do you remember the decisive tone of voice you spoke with, when at breakfast ; to display how much you

knew of history. You cited, I must own, events sufficiently instructive to have made the company attend to what you said, but that they saw you were resolv'd, if I may say so, to excite their admiration. You appear'd so marvelously well contented with yourself, that they were really afraid of praising you, which would have unavoidably inflamed or aggravated your self-love. Remember likewise, with how much attention they gave ear to little Arabella, and were really enchanted with the grace of her recital, and the modesty with which she blushed, at being thought so well informed. I saw you, Emily, turn pale with spite and envy. Tears of rage were in your eyes, and 'twas in vain you strove to hide them,

4
THAT NEVER FADES. 85

while the company were inwardly rejoic'd to see you so completely humbled.

In the afternoon, when with an air of triumph in your eyes, you came to shew your writing, and it pass'd without receiving any of those praises you expected—with what visible vexation did you not receive it back when every one had seen it!

And at night, when joining Miss Elizabeth on the piano-forte, the bad time you kept, perhaps on purpose, put her out; and when she ask'd you in a whisper to play better, what hideous look, then, did you not put on, instead of doing as she bade you? Ah! for Heav'n's sake, interrupted

I, and therewithal burst out a crying ;
Don't go on : for you must know, Flavilla, her discourse had pierc'd me to the heart.

'Twas vanity, said I to Mad'moiselle : that vice you durst not mention by its name. I never saw its frightfulness so much, believe me, as at present.

I could say no more ; but she was able to discern my thoughts. Her arm in agitation press'd me once more to her bosom with a tenderness I am unable to describe. I felt her tears fall plenteously upon my cheeks, while with her eyes she look'd in silence up to heaven.

The eloquence of this mute prayer compleatly overwhelm'd me. We

THAT NEVER FADES. 87

were come, without perceiving it, as far as where we are at present, to the foot of this large tree. We stopp'd close by this verdant hillock, and I fell, half swooning as it were. She instantly afforded me the tenderest succour, and restored me to new life by her affectionate caresses.

Being just upon the point of going in, I said, renewing my embraces, Dry your tears up, my good friend ; they are the last you shall have cause to shed on my account.

On her part, she embraced me still more tenderly, and answer'd, saying, You could never have rejoiced me so compleatly on my birth-day as by such a noble resolution. 'Tis the fit-

88 *THE FLOWER*

test possegay for us both, the possegay that I hope will never lose its beauty.

By degrees, we both became more tranquil. She remark'd the sineness of the morning ; and my heart, now eas'd of an intolerable load, was in a proper disposition to enjoy the beauty of the day that was to follow.

I grew sensible, how sweet it is to have the experience of this calm within one's self. I begg'd she would instruct me by what means I might keep up so pleasing a serenity. Two hours thus pass'd away between us, in a conversation full of friendship and affectionate instruction.

My papa, without informing me of his intention, had prepar'd a little banquet ; we were present at it, and gave

THAT NEVER FADES. 89

signs with how much joy our bosoms overflow'd. Since then, dear friend, I have begun to put away that odious vice which made me insupportable to others and myself. I leave you then to think, if I can possibly omit on the return of such a day to testify my gratitude for such a worthy friend, who was the means of making it the era of my happiness.

FLAVILLA.

My dearest Emily, since we have fill a little time, I also will prepare your friend a nosegay as a sign of gratitude for having heighten'd my enjoyment in continuing still to love you.

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EMILY.

Come then: I've now done; and
will assist you.

and

T H E

MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

THE MASTER.

AN ASSISTANT.

EUGENIUS, *the master's son.*

EDWARD,
SAMPSON, }
THEODORE } *Scholars.*

The Scene is in the master's study.

T H E

MILITARY ACADEMY.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The MASTER, The ASSISTANT.

The ASSISTANT, (knocking at the door, and opening it to have a little conversation with the master, who is writing at his table,)

WILL you permit me, sir, to in-

94 *THE MILITARY*
terrupt you for a moment?

The MASTER.

Come in, Mr. Blandford, without asking leave: you know whatever time I have, belongs of justice to the duties of my place.

The ASSISTANT.

I wish to tell you of a circumstance not very common, that has happen'd in the school within these few days past.

The MASTER.

What is it? you alarm me!

The ASSISTANT.

O, there's no occasion, Sir, for that: what I have got to say should rather interest you. What are your ideas then of our last pupil, Edward Barton?

The MASTER.

For these ten days past, that he has been among us, you are sensible I have not had an opportunity of even speaking to him. This, however, I can say in his behalf: that when his parents brought him, I remark'd there was a something in his countenance that pleas'd me mightily. Do any of the Assistants take offence at his behaviour?

The ASSISTANT.

The reverse. They give him all the praise his diligence lays claim to; and the greatness of his understanding also charms them. He is come among us with more knowledge than our three year-standing-scholars generally have; in short, his school-mates only

96 *THE MILITARY*
and myself have reason to be discontented with him.

The MASTER.

How, Sir ! have *you* reason to be discontented with him ? I am sorry for it.

The ASSISTANT.

I am so indeed ; but much less on my own account than his. I don't know what it means, but there must be some deep anxiety he broods on. I have had recourse to many methods for discovering it, but have been always baffled.

The MASTER.

What is his behaviour ?

The ASSISTANT.

In the first place, Sir, he's very studious

studious when in school, and nothing can divert him from the business of it: but in play-time, he is silent and reserv'd among the scholars. I have given him two, that are allow'd to be the sprighliest, as companions, and enjoin'd them to do every thing they can to please him. He is sensible indeed to their endeavours, and acknowledges their kindness; but when all is done, their fire is utterly incapable of warming him, and he appears between them just like so much ice. Yes, gentlemen; no, gentlemen, and such like monosyllables, are all his answers to their questions.

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The MASTER.

He is sad no doubt, at being separated from his parents ?

The ASSISTANT.

Yes, 'tis very natural to think so; yet his sadness has continu'd now ten days; and can we think, a child of only twelve is really susceptible of an impression for that length of time ?

The MASTER.

Not often: but a child of so much elevation, as I thought his countenance gave signs of ?

The ASSISTANT.

Pardon, Sir, my contradicting you; for if that age is very lively, so too is it variable; and since I've been a tutor here, I cannot but have notice'd who all those that have been most

afflicted at the thought of being sun-
der'd from their parents, have and
very shortly, been induc'd by their
companions to forget that separation.

Now whatever Edward's notions may
be on this head, what will you think,
when I have told you every thing ?

The MASTER.

You raise my curiosity. Proceed.
I look to be inform'd of nothing on the
subject of this Edward but what's
great and singular !

The ASSISTANT.

Would you believe then, it Sir, he
refuses every thing at meal time, but
a little bread and water. 'Tis not
possible, that any criminal should be

100 *THE MILITARY*
condemn'd to coarser fare than what
he willingly puts up with.

The MASTER.

You don't tell me so ? He should
have liv'd at Sparta.

The ASSISTANT.

True, Sir : but with us, where
singularity must not be suffer'd, and the
little soldier is to be submissive to the
general subordination, there is room
to fear some danger to the rest in his
example. Twenty times would I
have made him eat the victuals set be-
fore him ; but to all my instances, he
has no otherwise made answer, than
by turning towards me, and in tears,
—I weep myself to think of his affect-
ing way.

The MASTER.

I too am not unmov'd. This disobedience is, however, blamable, and must not be unpunish'd. If he should persist therein, whatever causes it, he cannot possibly stay here. The intention of a military school is nothing less than that the scholars should be absolutely subject to the will of their instructors.

The ASSISTANT.

His dismission was indeed the circumstance I fear'd ; and therefore did I put off speaking of his disobedience to you. I was every day, in hope his resolution would be conquer'd ; but it still continues.

The MASTER.

Is it possible, that at his tender age, he should be so far master of himself, as to conceal his thoughts from one so exercised as you are, in examining the disposition of young people?

The ASSISTANT.

He is what you call'd him just this moment, a true Spartan. His behaviour, though not tinctur'd with a grain of pride, is perfectly seducing. Such is, I may say, his manner of concealing what afflicts him, that one cannot but be really astonished at his silence, and yet not harsh enough to think him obstinate.

The MASTER.

I'll sound him then myself. The

light in which you place his portrait, adds considerably to the fair opinion I first form'd at seeing him. If I can possibly prevail upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction, I persuade myself, I shall be fully compensated for my trouble in obtaining it.

The ASSISTANT.

On my part, threats, intreaties, and persuasion, have been all employ'd without effect. Of course then, I must fear your efforts will be no less unsuccessful, though I wish the contrary, and should be even happy if it proved so.

The MASTER.

In the first place, then, I mean to

question those you said you had en-
join'd to keep him company.—Who
are they?

The ASSISTANT.

Theodore and Sampson: but your
son Eugenius, sir, will give you bet-
ter information.

The MASTER.

How! has Edward interested *him*
then?

The ASSISTANT.

He thinks more, I verily believe of
Edward, than himself. I have observ'd
him studying silently his actions.
He has never utter'd then a syllable
to you about him?

The MASTER.

No: but I am equally well pleas'd
with his reserve, as his attention. It

proclaims a secret sympathy between him and the youth, that has attracted him. You will oblige me by conducting them all three together here this instant.

The ASSISTANT.

I would rather send them; as who knows, sir, but they'll think my presence a restraint. They will be free if I'm absent.

The MASTER.

Right: so let them come alone; and send me Edward likewise, when you find they've left me: or, on second thoughts, let him sit down and wait my coming in the parlour, I'll be with him shortly.

SCENE II.

The MASTER, *(alone,)*

THIS affair is all a mystery to me! 'Tis very natural that Edward should lament at being sunder'd from his parents. 'Tis not possible but that a boy of such great hopes should be extremely dear to every one that knows him, and have had continual marks of their indulgence; but that nothing should have mitigated his affliction in the period of ten days, surrounded by so many of his age, and all no doubt desirous to amuse him, and still more, that he should wish for nothing in the world but bread and water is inexplicable! What the chil-

dren have to eat is very good, and therefore could not from its quality disgust him. Add to which, that he was never us'd at home to better fare. His father bringing him to school, inform'd me he was far from rich, and had a numerous family to keep. The more I think of his behaviour, still the more I think it wonderful!

(he walks about a little while, in thought)

S C E N E III.

The MASTER, EUGENIUS, SAMPSON
and THEODORE.

EUGENIUS.

WE come, Papa, according to your

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order. Mr. Blandford told us we
were wanted ; Theodore, and Samp-
son, and myself.

The *MASTER.*

Yes, Eugenius, I desire to have a
little conversation with these two
young gentlemen and you.

SAMPSON and THEODORE.

'Tis doing us a deal of honour.

EUGENIUS.

Yes, and pleasure too : at least, I
think so.

*The M A S T E R, (to Theodore and
Sampson,)*

I am told, you are not quite con-
tent with your new companion's
conduct ?

SAMPSON.

To confess the truth, sir, he's in-

deed a little of the dullest; this same master—What's his name now?

THEODORE.

He has spoke so little to us, we don't recollect what name he goes by.

EUGENIUS.

Edward Barton: for his name, I don't think much of that, in preference to any other; but his person, that's another thing, and I am happy I'm acquainted with him.

SAMPSON.

Edward?—a good name enough, if Dummy were but added. Master Edward Dummy!

EUGENIUS.

O Papa! pray don't let Sampson ridicule poor Edward in this manner.

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The MASTER.

Master Sampson, who has authoriz'd you to distribute epithets among your school-mates thus?

SAMPSON.

Because he does not speak three words in half an hour. Had he come to us from the moon, I should not wonder at it. He's so pale and mo-pish, he would not bely his country.

The MASTER.

Should his paleness then, or mo-pishness, as you are pleas'd to call it, make you hate him?

SAMPSON.

I am not his enemy; far from it, the m
fir; but cannot be his friend, sinc
he does nothing to divert us, after w
him.

have taken so much pains to make
him speak.

THEODORE.

The night, sir, sure, is long enough
for silence. 'Tis to laugh and prate
together, day was made.

SAMPSON.

Must *I* be dull, because *he* takes so
much delight in dulness?

EUGENIUS.

Poor young man! You should not
call it dulness; 'tis uneasiness.

SAMPSON.

And did we not do every thing we
could to make him cheerful. But
the more we play our monkey tricks
to make him fall a grinning, still
the more his sober sadness gains upon
him. We have done with him at last

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at our diversions ; but still find him when we come to dinner, where he makes such faces as do every thing but fright away our hunger.

The MASTER.

Has he any sickning method, at some children have, of eating ?

SAMPSON.

He must needs be very awkward, were his manners sickning ; since he eats bread only, and drinks nothing but clear water.

THEODORE.

He affects a puny stomach, merely to persuade us, what good things he had at home.

EUGENIUS.

You very much mistake him, if you fancy

fancy 'tis from pride. I watch'd him yesterday, when he had good roast beef put down before him, and could see, though he conceal'd his face, his eyes were full of tears.

The MASTER.

You don't say so, Eugenius?

SAMPSON.

Yes, indeed ; he very often whim-
pers, and if once Don Quixote should
return again to life, they'd fight to
know which of them should be call'd
Knight of the Woeful Figure.

The MASTER.

Are you so unfeeling as to make a
joke of his affliction ?

SAMPSON.

He's enough to make us also of
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Don Quikote's order. 'Tis quite dismal to see such a countenance at dinner: it deprives us of our stomach. Look ye, recommend me, Theodore; he'd give you a good appetite to see him eat.

The MASTER.

You would be glad, then, I suppose, to rid yourselves of Edward at your table?

SAMPSON.

Yes, sir, and with all our hearts, unless he would become a little merry.

EUGENIUS.

Well then, let him sit, Papa, at mine. I should be glad to have him by me, and will take care of him.

The MASTER.

You are not afraid, then, of his
sadness, like these gentlemen?

EUGENIUS.

I'm doubtless sorrowful to see him
sad; but merely upon that account,
would show him all the friendship I
am able: he would not be very likely
so unhappy, did he know we pity him.

The MASTER.

Can neither of you guess the rea-
son of his melancholy?

THEODORE.

To confess the truth, I never
thought of asking him.

SAMPSON.

Why wish to know things that are
sure to make one sad?

The MASTER.

And you, Eugenius, can you let me have no better information?

EUGENIUS.

No, indeed, Papa. I should have been rejoic'd to know the secret, and console him, were it in my power: These three times have I begg'd him to reveal it; but durst go no further, when I saw he was resolv'd to keep it. Doubtless he don't think me yet sufficiently his friend to trust me with it. I must therefore merit his reliance on me by my services.

The MASTER.

But why, Eugenius, tell me nothing of all this before?

EUGENIUS.

Because I thought you would have

forc'd him to conduct himself upon a footing with the rest, and reprimanded him in case of his refusal. You have given me your permission to be always in the school ; and I shall never be so mean as to betray my dear companions as a tell-tale. But if ever they do any thing that merits commendation, never fear but I will come and make you privy to it.

The MASTER (*embracing Eugenius*).

I expected nothing less, my dear Eugenius, from your sensibility ; and am quite charm'd to find myself not disappointed. (*To Theodore and Sampson*), I am sorry, gentlemen, I can't bestow the same eulogium on your conduct. I could certainly have wish'd

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you had evinc'd a little tenderness, or,
at the least, consideration, for poor
Edward in his sorrow. Go, return to
your amusements; 'twere a pity to
disturb you in them. If your turn of
mind preserves you from some sort of
sorrows, I am grievously afraid, it
hinders you from relishing those exqui-
site delights a generous heart partakes
of. (*Theodore and Sampson leave the
room in manifest confusion.*)

S C E N E IV.

The MASTER, EUGENIUS.

The MASTER.

'T IS you only, that are worthy to

enjoy those exquisite delights. How I rejoice, to find you so compassionate towards others in their sorrow !

EUGENIUS.

Who, papa, could possibly refrain from pitying the unhappy Edward ? His dejection, and his paleness, every thing announces some uncommon cause of sorrow in his heart. So young ! and yet so miserable ! I avoided him at first, just like the rest, and thought he was morose and savage. But when afterward I notic'd his consistency and perseverance, condescension and politeness, I was gradually attracted by him ; so as, in the end, to give him all my friendship ; and I think I

should conceive a great deal better of myself, could I but merit his.

The MASTER.

You know, however, he has so behav'd as to incur the crime of disobedience?

EUGENIUS.

Yes, at table?—I can't possibly conceive the meaning of it; but, perhaps, he fancies every soldier should live coarsely. After all, his singular abstemiousness is better than the gluttony of others; and the example he holds out can injure no one. Pray, then, let him still continue what is so much to his liking, being, as he is, so punctual to his duty, and so diligent in school. He is the first of all his

class in mathematics, geography, and drawing.

The M A S T E R.

But a conduct that so openly infringes upon rule and order, cannot be excus'd in any circumstance, nor yet from any motive. I perceive I shall be forc'd to send him home.

E U G E N I U S.

You don't mean so, papa? What! for so slight a fault, and one that, very likely merits rather praise than censure, will you send him off, as if his principles were vicious? Let me go then with him likewise.

The M A S T E R.

How Eugenius? are you so attach'd then to him? For what reason?

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EUGENIUS.

I can't tell you; yet, if you'll but have a little conversation with him, you'll perhaps discern the reason. How rejoic'd I should be, were he but my brother! I should only have to fear, you'd love him more than you do me at present.

The MASTER.

I have sent to have him in the parlour; and by this time I suppose he's there. I shall discern, if he is worthy of inspiring such a strong attachment, and sincerely hope I shall not find you have misjudg'd in the affair. If so, I promise—but of that in future; I'll go down and speak with him a little; and do you Eugenias, go into the adjoining room, that if I call, you may

come to us.—In the adjoining room—
you understand me?

EUGENIUS.

Yes, Papa.



ACT II.

SCENE I.

EDWARD, (sitting in a thoughtful posture: the MASTER coming in, and sitting down, he rises with respect, and stands before him.)

The MASTER.

YOU are here then, Master Barton? can you any way conjecture why I sent to fetch you?

EDWARD.

Yes, Sir, I'm afraid I guess the reason.

The MASTER.

Is it true then, you disdain the company and conversation of your school mates, and disturb their pastimes, by such whims and affectations, as were never heard of in a person of your age?

EDWARD.

I dare answer, Sir, with all the deference and respect I owe you, it was never my intention to do either.

The MASTER.

You've been told, for instance's sake, what rules the scholars are to go by, when at meals, and yet will live on bread and water.

EDWARD.

True, Sir, I want nothing more.

The MASTER.

The assistant, Mr. Blandford, has endeavour'd to convince you how improper such a singularity must be considered ; and yet finds you fix'd to persevere therein.

EDWARD.

Yes, Sir.

The MASTER.

And think you such a perseverance commendable ?

EDWARD.

Not, Sir, in your thoughts, I own.

The MASTER.

'Tis then a matter of indifference

to you, whether you do right or wrong
in my opinion?

EDWARD.

No, Sir; for in that case, I should
need as little your reproaches as your
praise. I know what obligation I
am under to obey you, and have often
blam'd myself for not complying with
your pleasure, in the regulations of
this place; but still, have found it
utterly impossible to do so. Heaven
is, notwithstanding, witness for me,
that I am not quite so guilty, as ap-
pearances proclaim me.

The MASTER.

I will readily allow you are your-
self persuaded of your innocence, and
therefore think you have such reasons

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as will justify your disobedience.—
Have you any thing to say then ?

EDWARD.

Nothing, Sir.

The MASTER.

But surely, you must know, that
disobedience is a bad example, even
tho' you think your motives will ex-
cuse you.

EDWARD.

I have had the honour to acknow-
ledge that myself.

The MASTER.

That hitherto it has been born
with, from the hope of your ame-
nagement ?

EDWARD.

Never.

The MASTER.

And in short, that by your obstinacy you have merited already the severest punishment?

EDWARD.

I'm ready to endure it.

The MASTER.

But not ready to amend your conduct?

EDWARD.

'Tis impossible.

The MASTER.

I see then, and am sorry for it, but 'twill be impossible for me to keep you here a moment longer; as the king will have no such examples of rebellion in a house maintained by his munificence.

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EDWARD.

What will become of me at that rate? wretched as I am! Oh Sir! must I then be at last a burthen to my parents, and an object of contempt for others? Have I merited this sentence?

THE MASTER.

Have you merited this sentence? When you will not place the least degree of confidence upon me, do you ask that question? Would you hide a secret from your father? I am here to be a father to you, and you will not show yourself a son to me!

EDWARD.

If such, Sir, be your condescension, I will give you the possession of my heart, I could stand patiently and

hear your threats, but am not unaffected by your friendship: yes, Sir; I will lay out my whole heart before you, and make known the affliction I am under.

The MASTER.

You are willing then to think yourself my son?

EDWARD, (*throwing himself into the master's arms,*)

Are you then willing to become my second father?

The MASTER, (*embracing him,*)

O, my dearest Edward! call me for the future only by that name.

EDWARD.

Well then, my second father, I have one at home so poor, that he subsists

on scarcely better food than bread and water. My poor mother likewise is as much reduced as he is, I've two sisters, and as many brothers, who enjoy no better fare. And can I then indulge my appetite, and live on your good things, while they have, as it were, no more than bread to moisten with their tears? No, no; much rather would I die of hunger. I am Edward Barton, and there never was a father of that name who had a son unworthy of him.

The MASTER.

What! Has no one then solicited the government in favour of so old a soldier?

EDWARD.

No one, sir: but he is destitute of

all things, after having serv'd his country two and twenty years with honour, and consum'd the little he had left him in soliciting a pension. On the eve of my departure for this place, I heard him read the story of Count Ugolino, who was shut up in a castle, with his family, to die of hunger. Since that moment, this sad story has been always in my mind. I think I hear incessantly the parish bells a tolling, for the burial of my father, mother, brothers, and poor sisters. Can I then make merry, when my heart is overflowed with tears? and eat such food as my afflicted parents cannot purchase? If I could, I should no longer then be Ed-

ward Barton. While my father is unhappy, in whatever corner of the earth I may be, nothing shall prevent me from enduring his affliction. If the king—

The **MASTER.**

The king for certain knows not of your father's situation: if he did, he would have soften'd it. I'll use my interest to convey the knowledge of it to him; and do you rely upon his justice. My dear Edward, why not tell me this before? You might perhaps have spar'd your family ten days' distress, at least.

EDWARD.

You think then, sir, I shall become so happy as to save him at my years?

The MASTER.

I hope so; and at least, am certain
your behaviour has *reliev'd* him.
Generous child! Why are you not
indeed my son?

EDWARD.

My love and gratitude, consider
you my father. 'Tis a debt I owe
your generosity, for wishing thus I
were your son.

The MASTER, (*looking at him with
affection,*)

My dear son Edward!

EDWARD.

Yes; I am and will be so. You
are the father too of all my family,
if through your friendship they may be
assisted; but alas, sir! we have been

so long unhappy, 'tis not to be hop'd—

The MASTER.

Hop'd ! Edward ? Should you doubt of what I tell you, it would be an insult to me. I have told you I was certain your behaviour had reliev'd your parents, since relief depends upon myself alone ; and therefore, (*going to his bureau and giving him a fifty pound bank note*), 'till I've try'd the effect my interest, which is not inconsiderable, may command from government, take this : it is a fifty pound bank note, and what your father gives you, as the first fruit of his love.

EDWARD, (*interrupting him,*)

Give me, what need can I have for it ? send, oh send your generous present to my father : there it will be useful.

The MASTER.

He shall know he is indebted for it to your filial piety, and therefore, my dear Edward, you'll no longer live on bread and water ?

EDWARD.

Not till my poor father is reduc'd again to do so.

The MASTER.

And in future, you'll be joyous with your comrades ?

EDWARD.

While my father's joyous with his wife and children.

The MASTER.

Well then, run, and write your father an account of this transfaction. I'll go dress myself, and instantly set off for London. I shall see the minister this very morning.

EDWARD.

How shall I collect my spirits, to return you thanks in such a manner as I ought, sir?

The MASTER, (*smiling,*)

Sir!—It seems then, you forget already you're my son?

EDWARD, (*falling at his master's feet,*)

O father! oh my dear, dear father! Pardon me, if being, as I am, beside myself—

The MASTER, (*raising Edward, and conducting him affectionately towards the door,*)

Go, go; my child, and leave me here a little. I've no less occasion to compose myself than you.

EDWARD.

I'll come back very shortly with

my letter. You must see it. So, don't go, dear father, 'till I've once again embrac'd you.

The **MASTER.**

No, my dearest son. I'll not deny myself that pleasure. Run and write your letter. I'll wait for you.

S C E N E II.

The **MASTER**, (*alone*,)

FORTUNATE occurrence! happy period! What a number of affecting objects all at once present themselves before me! A brave soldier, but unrecompenc'd, whose services I am about to plead for! and his son, whom I

may form into a man, and so contribute to the glory of my country! My Eugenius, who appears so sensible of the impression made by virtue on his heart, and worthy of the friend he has selected thus! My sovereign, to whose notice I shall introduce a little hero, such as his munificence may cherish; and a suffering wife and children, such as his compassion may deliver from affliction.

S C E N E III.

The MASTER and The ASSISTANT.

The MASTER.

BLANDFORD, you are come quite a-propos to share my transports.

The ASSISTANT.

What has caus'd them, my good sir? You're no less agitated than young Edward, who ran by me wild, as one might think, with pleasure; for he did not see me, did not seem as if he trod upon the ground. His eyes, as I look'd at him, beam'd with rapture, though the tears he had been shedding were not quite dried up. I call'd out to him, but he could not hear me.

The MASTER.

'Twould have charm'd you, had you witness'd what has pass'd between us. 'Twas a moment, such as does not twice occur in any one man's life!

The ASSISTANT.

Your hope then is not disappointed? degree
You have wrought upon him to re. At so
veal the cause of his affliction? support

The MASTER.

But what difficulty to obtain my cour
wish! what pain it gave me to up. ure a
braid him! and how nobly he with. ther,
stood me! How much honour should unes,
not even his disobedience, in the eyes on to
of every one, devolve upon him! ure fo

The ASSISTANT.

I foresaw as much in general, tho employ
I could not clear up the particulars by my
to reaſon on them. taken

The MASTER.

Who could possibly have gues'douth,
at the excess of his affection! Hearings
was prompted to deny his appetite. would

table, that he might not in the least degree fare better than his parents. At so great a distance from them, he supported such privations, though he knew by doing so, he could not succour them. What think you of so upstart a youth? What think you of a father, who, surrounded by misfortunes, has been able thus to form his eye to virtue? What exalted pleasure for a monarch to reward such virtue! I am proud, my friend, of the employment here bestow'd upon me by my king, and of the office I have taken on me, of conveying to his royal ear, intelligence of this poor youth, and his afflicted father's sufferings and deserts. There is but one, which would yield me greater satisfaction.

I should like to be in such a situation, as to give him an account of all his meritorious subjects. I would so exalt his throne, that he should then be able to look down on every virtuous man in his dominions, while these last, by looking up, should see him in the action of applauding and encouraging their virtue. Thus, without the wretched breath of adulation, might a king be really among his subjects, call'd their god.

The ASSISTANT.

Our king is worthy your solicitude to interest him in behalf of Edward, and his parents.

The MASTER.

That is what I told him I would do;

do: and what was not his gratitude? We call'd each other son and father; and I verily believe, experienc'd the affection in our hearts, of such affinity. But don't I hear him coming?—I believe 'tis he. Step therefore into this apartment: you will find Eugenius there by this time. I shall soon require your presence here again, if it be Edward. *(The Assistant withdraws, when Edward comes in sight.)*

The MASTER, *(alone,)*

Yes, 'tis he; and how affectingly expressive, even at this distance, is not his whole countenance!

SCENE IV.

The MASTER and EDWARD.

EDWARD, (*rushing to embrace his master,*)

FATHER, dear dear father ! Here's my letter.

The MASTER.

"Tis nor seal'd, as I observe, and therefore you would have me read it ?

EDWARD.

Would ? 'Tis every line about you.

The MASTER, (*reading,*)Papa ! Mama ! Gerald ! Timoleon !
Claudia ! Isabel ! Come all of you together, while this letter's reading.

O that I were present and could read it you myself ! but I *am* present, and observe you. Weep no longer, as I trust you are no longer to subsist on bread and tears. There are on earth here, generous bosoms, as in heaven : of whom, the master I am under, as I've found, is one. He is my father, let me call him so ; or rather, the protecting angel of our family. Would you believe it ! he has sent you this, as from himself, and will solicit you a pension, which he says he doubts not of obtaining for you ! Fall upon your knees, and blefs him, as I do—(*The master stops, and seeing Edward on his knees, with hands and eyes toward heaven, affectionately raises him and says,*)

What means this, my son ?

EDWARD.

I'm offering you my life : It is at your disposal.

The MASTER.

No, my dearest Edward, keep it for the accomplishment of worthy and illustrious actions. Mine is passing fast to its decay ; but by your conduct, you may lengthen it.

EDWARD, (*eagerly,*)

I father ? Shall I ever be so happy ?—Speak !—O speak, sir ; and inform me, by what means I may experience so much heart-felt satisfaction ?

The MASTER.

By your friendship for my son. (*He opens the adjoining chamber-door.*)

Eugenius, enter, and embrace your brother.

S C E N E the Last.

The MASTER, EDWARD, the ASSISTANT, and EUGENIUS. (*Edward and Eugenius rush into each others arms.*)

The MASTER.

EDWARD, he is worthy of your friendship: his affection for you went before his father's.

EDWARD.

I could clearly see indeed my sufferings mov'd him.

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EUGENIUS.

You shall never suffer for the future, but myself will be a sharer with you. Shall I not, dear Edward?

EDWARD, (taking Eugenius by the hand, and presenting it with his own to the Master,) Galio mode

Well then, my Eugenius, let us thus connect ourselves as friends for ever, in the hands of our respectable and common father.

The MASTER.

Yes, dear children : I approve your wishes ; and bestow my blessing on them. Let those happy days return, as far as your example can have influence, when the field of combat was a theatre for friendship. I would give you instances from English history,

I remember'd any at this moment ;
But you're not unread in the events of
Other nations, and must learn to emu-
late the virtue you are told of, should
be an enemy that teaches you. Let
Gaston then, and Bayard, be your
model ; and live friends as they were.
Serve your king, as they did ; and as
they did, if necessary, die for the ser-
vice of your country.

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